GALAXY

The night is still
And so is the day
In the inner city of the
Urban Ghetto.
As a young mother of three
squeezes a dirty syringe

Her child lies crying,
But, she hears him not
As she begins to unwrap
the rubber that tightly
squeezes her arm.

Her child lies crying
as she then begins to sway
and nod into a deep unforgetable
sleep.

Her child lies crying but,
she hears him not .....

And she will never ever
hear him again

September 1980

By Zakiyyah T. Muhammad

MUGGED

She thought she was in love

Only to find out that she had been mugged

Mugged by, his charm, wit, looks and cunningness

He promised her the world, but had nothing to give

Even his love was shiftless

She being a woman in need of love

She being a woman needing to hear the lies he would tell

Thinking that they where true

If only they had been true and meaningful

But, he was a mugger in disguise only out to get what he could

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TRADING LIFE FOR DEATH

Feeling cornered and quiet out done, spinning, spinning
trying to gather thoughts, that speed across your mind
Moving towards destiny more sensative , more forceful than ever
Midnight pleasure
White lady horse, the train ride to so called heaven
up, up into the clouds
Each time better than before
Finally she leads you to a life of crime causes you to break
your mothers heart and leaves your love ones distraught
And the bounds of brotherhood goes lifless because of the
White lady horse
She whisp her magical power around the almighty green dollar
Bill and causes man to kill

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19
M.W.A.

THE APPEAL

Blackwoman, when are you going to learn, are you going to continue to keep
letting him jump all ~~ove~~ OVER you and beat Africa out of you
~~He tells you he loves you and beats the hell out of you~~
When he is tired of himself
My beautiful strong blackwoman
Everywhere we turn we see the distruction of this capatalistic country
Selling its' poor down the drain
So, what does this mean? It means to be readh, be prepared,
Moses warned peole before their time
Noah, gave warning but, the people were hard headed and rebellous
The only way to solve our proablms is to become economically dependable
We have the way, You have the Key, We have the key
By changing ourselves, by being consistant by not being petty,
jealous and envious. (Take a new look on ~~our lives and lets~~ LIFE YOURS RE EVALUATE
re evaluate)
Our children are the future tomorrow it is up to us not to let ~~them down~~
We can make our community ~~r~~ work, by working together to become
economically ~~strong~~
Instead of welfare lets' get a fair share

(27)

ZAK

LIKE A REVOLUTION

LIKE A REVOLUTION
I WANTED TO LOVE YOU.
I FELT ALIVE, JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU.
THUNDER ROLLED BENEATH MY FEET, and martin---
LIKE WHEN MALCOLM WOULD SPEAK,
MOVE THE MASSES,
WITH THEIR ELOQUENT TRUTH!
MAKING US FEEL REAL AGAIN. - made
SLAPPED OUR FACES! - slapped
SHOOK OUR BODIES! - shook
AWAKENING OUR LIVES FROM SLEEP
TO THE TRUTH,...TO THE TRUTH.
THAT'S HOW I LOVED YOU.
THAT'S HOW I WANTED TO LOVE YOU.....
LIKE A REVOLUTION!

(2) But it
(1) yes they
(3)

ZAKIYYAH

FEELINGS

My feelings have everything to do with it
I feel and so do you
but, right now I feel that I feel bluer than you
there are words in here (Pointing towards the head)
That have yet to be expressed
I am not trying to be a pest
Believing in myself trusting in my feelings
Have everthing to do with it
Truth and understanding is what I expect
So you see
My feelings have everything to do with it

Bismiallah
1980

@ Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
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Just because I love you is why I sit and write these few words, that mean so much

In short, To think that being without you would cause me grief, but, relief will be brought to the situation

In finding myself I find peace

In finding myself I find God

Surely, he knows my love for you is forever undying

We have come to the end of our road together

This my darling is where we part and I get off

Somewhere along the way the love that had us mesmerized has faded away

No fruit in a barren land

Where there is no water their is no life

So we part with no regrets of sharing the good times and the bad

©Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
Urban Voice Member
120 S. Harrison Street
New

Lord I come to you once again asking for your strength

It is a long hard road and only your guidance can make it a little more easier

Thank you for my blessings

I know it is, I myself who hold the key to my living a better life

Without belief in myself, with out belief in the creator it could not have been done

the knowledge, wisdome and understanding you have allowed me to display shows the beauty within

I have come and long way and I am still traveling

Zakiyyah T. Muhammad

Urban Voice Member

675-9527

OCEAN ECATASY

The smell of the ocean

The cool open warm breeze

Birds flying by, in the blueness of the sky

The sun felt good to our bodies

As we bathed in the sun

Our inner senses began to awaken to a knowledge on high

We were lifted into glory as we made love over and over again

We listened to the heavy breathing of the ocean

As we geared ourselves into motion

Rhythms of ectasy flashed sensurously through our bodies

as we became one

©1983
By, Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
July 1, 1946

Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
Urban Voice Member
120 S. Harrison Street
E. O. , N.J.

This isn't my feelings right now, this is a way of avoiding my true thoughts
I went to a rolling brook in my mind. It was very peaceful there
I sat beneath the trees, the sun shone between and glowed upon my face
It really felt good, the sun above me and the clear shining bubbling water beneath me
I yelled aloud "Thank you God, Thank you, for just being !"
It felt good being alone in my own little space, jsut the little animals and me
I spotted a pebble on the red earth, I tossed it across the water, It skidded for a moment then it disappeared
I looked up towards the green trees-up towards the humugus blue sky.
My eyes closed and I was fast asleep. I dreamed of walking across this great big lake into the small brook
I awoke to total serenity
I was at peace in my mind in my heaven that God had granted me with.
I had overcome thetroubles of my mind and I was free at last to think of only the water on the clear running brook and the bluesky
My heaven was truly self satisfying. God truly loves me
As I was told in my physical life
For he is everywhere and I can touch him and feel
his love gently caressing my mind
Everything is his angel
Everything will one day be at peace
With him there will be no hostility just a running brook
In which I threw a rock

THINK TWICE

Nigger aint you tired
Aint you tired of killing your own

You won't get any where anyhow

You know what I am saying

It's blood mony, sweat and tears
over a hundred years or more of rape ,
corruption and destruction

Nigger aint you tired
death to you and your kind all your
years

The rape of our mother country was not
enough. Years of struggle are BEING ignored
through your ignorance and greed

Now you, You nigger , you have the audasity
to carry on that wicked will

Robbing and killing your mother, your father
your sister and your brother, from the cradle
to the grave

How long do you think you will get away
with your uncle tomming games

Think back you are not the giver or the maker
you are only the taker. Your day will be
done, over and through.

You have a choice to do right or wrong
And if you continue to choose wrong,
Your days won't be long

Bismiallah

By Zakiyyah T. Muhhammad

Where have all the flowers gone?

They have withered away, becoming old with time

Wild street nights carnaval delights

Poppoing pills, looking for cheap thrills

Ghetto bleight blocking out the light of great, great minds

Self destruction as the game of chess is played

And where have all the flowers gone

Crashing economy, Crashing down on urban dwellers

And where have all the flowers gone? . . . . . .

Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
Urban Voice Member

THE UNFORGETTEN PAST

What happened to those happy days that use to be ours together.
Loving you. You loving me, and feeling that you care
feeling safe and secure.

Feeling the closeness of your heart beat next to mine.
Knowing that you want me and I you.

What happened my darling, are you no longer there to care
and want me. How did we stray. Whay did we stray.
Was it something I said or did?

To think that I am embarrassed for I know we can no
longer have that connection that was once warmth and affection.
Is there any correction.

We were once so close and near but yet far and not near enough

By
Zakiyyah Muhammad

Thank you God

Thank you for my mother and my father

Thank you for the wonder ful sisters and brothers, you have given me

Thank you God for my families good health and mine

Thank you for allowing me to be a free spirit

Thank you for a careing husband who stands faithfully by my side

Thank you for allowing me to breath

Thank you for the little things

thank you for the big things

thank you for everything

Thank you forthe children I didn't plan

That was all yours

But, I thank you anyway

@Zajuttag Tn N

Bismiallah

@Zakiyyah T. Muhammad

A GIFT FOR YOU

A gift for you my darling, A love song

By way of a poem from me to you

My love in motion mingled in a sky of starry lights

Radiant, handsome, beautiful, Intelligent,

Sincer and true

A love that says I love you, I care I want to be with you

I want to share and be a part

A love where there is some space and time

Two people loving each other eeen in times of despair

and grief

Loving one another no matter the cost

trusting and understanding

There when in need of that special touch

A gift for you my darling

A love song by way of a poem

FXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

From me to you

By, Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
Urban Voice Poet
120 S. Harrison Sr
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THANK YOU GOD

Thank you for the little things

Thank you for the big things

Thank you for allowing me to breath

Thank you for my mother and my father

Thank you God for those near and dear

Thank you God for the children I didn't plan

That was your plan

Yet a precious gift

Thank you God, Thank you

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I'm trying to find the way

Im tring to find the Why, Where and How
Of things

Our very bing belongs to God

Weak and yet strong

I'll walk I'll run, to where God leads me

Bismiallah
By Zakiyyah T. Muhammad

Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
Urban Voice
120 S. Harrison Street

You have got to find the beauty in the ugliness of it all
Buses with egg stained windows, coroachas and grafitti on the walls
But, you have got to find the beauty in the ugliness of it all
Relationships are breaking up, families breaking up
But, You have got to find the beauty of it all
Houses are coming down and houses are going up

(mostly coming down)
But, you have got to find the beauty in the ugliness of it all
Prices so high the going gets rough
And when the going gets rough
You had damn well better get tough
Then you will find the beauty of it all

Zakiyyah T. Muhammad

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THE APPEAL

Blackwoman, when are you going to learn, are you going to continue to keep --
letting him jump all ove you and beat Africa out of you
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re evaluate
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economically strong
Instead of welfare lets' get a fair share

GHETTO LOVE

In the ghetto I met this fellow

Which made me turn to jello

The moment we said hello'

You know.our eyes met and

We alone gazed into another

world

Being poor and from the ghetto

We got married on a birbe and

Damm near had a tribe

At first our lives were gunine

And then all of a sudden

It was just like opening a can and finding nothing in it

We were like day and night

With us both bound for out of town

With us both looking back without a frawn

never a sound

Zakiyyah T. Muhammad

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E.O.

Say Just tell me when.

When are black folks gonna get it together

Hey!! doesn't anybody care

there is so much despair

unemployment, recession, depression,

knickbacks, cutbacks, setbacks

Families and schools in desarray

It's not good enought that we get knicked in the pants

by the system but we also get knicked in the pants by our

own class

just tell me when

when are black folks going to get it together and

come together

just tell me when

It only takes a few to begin

Zakyjah Muhammad.

675-95-27

To God I give my soul

Like the sun beams its's rays

throughout the land

Whenever I am in need of a friend

To him I turn

And without hestitation he guids me

every step of the way

Through the night and through the day

As I struggle to be upright in a world that

doesn't care

To God I give my soul reaching inward and out

seeking his divind guidance

Thereby understanding my purpose

and self, Through his wonderous signs,

He blesses my soul with divine truth and

Wisdom and knowledge

Bismillah

©By Zakiyyah T. Muhammad

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Galaxy

The night is still and so is the day
In the inner city of the Urban Ghetto
Tonight, my friend marks the beginning
of the end, as a young mother of three
squeezes a dirty syringe
Her child lies crying but, she hears
him not as she unwraps the rubber that
had once tightly squeezed her arm
She then begins to nod and sway
And then she slumps into a deep sleep
An unforgetable sleep
Her child lies crying ubt,
She hears him mot
And she will never, ever hear him crying again

Galaxy

So!!!! You say you know about liberty and justice

And you want what's right for your sister and your borther

The paper reads another war is brewing

Here we are again.....

Right back where we started from

A complete turn around

corruption and confusion

disallusioned

We once talked about building an nation

Liberty and justice for whom!!!!!!

Put in the jungle where life has not price

cultural shock

And a continuous look for a rock

Bismillah

By, © Zakiyyah T. Muhammad

Zakiyyah T. Muhammad
July 1, 1946
120 S. Harrison St
E.O. N.J.
Submitted 9/13/84

As I sat upon the beach looking out on to the ocean bed
I enjoyed the act of just being there
Taking in the beauty of it all, my mind began to turn like
old rusty wheels pulling hard because of the rust, starting
and then startin g again
The oceans beauty, oils my wheels of thought
The turns become easier as the ocean talks back to me as though listening
to my every thought
And in doing so the signs of God move swiftly onto the shore
Leaving my heart, mind and body all aglow
The roar of the ocean gently echoes
As the waves beat gently, yet rough
Spilling out onto the shore
Miles and miles of water in a rainbow glow

My eyes rome aimlessly landing here and there
Soaking in warmth, peace, serinity and Love
Memorizing this enchaned Island,
My own little spot of heaven

Alone , But

Yet not alone

Love must be seen

not just said

Alone, But

Yet not alone

Wanting to feel closer

But yet something is there that keeps lifes

blessing a mile away

Yet near enought to touch

Wanting to be loved

Wanting to give it back

Longing for just a simple caress

Alone, But ye

Yet not alone

Why? Because the presence of God is for evernear

Zakyyfah Muhammad.
675-95-27-